### STORM AND CALM.

All day the angry southwind roaring past,
With warm, tumultuous showers of fitful rain,
Rattled upon my streaming window pane,
And through the autumn woodlands driving fast.
Stripped off and whirled into the air the last
Few withered leaves. On the wide misty plain
The bell, the whistle and the rumbling train
Were silenced in the thunder of the blast.
Now all is still. A few faint wandering sighs
Alone. The patient trees, though robbed and shorn,
Lift their bare arms and greet the sunset light
Flashing on spires and windows, while the skies
Glow with the promise of a starlit night,
And the calm sunrise of a radiant morn.

—*C. P. Cranch, in Scribner.*

## SUSY'S BLUE GINGHAM.

The House Committee on Ways and Means was in session The house belonged to John Van Vechten, and stood, in its old-fashioned whiteness, with its gable end to the road. In front of the wing was what John always called a "stoop," perhaps the only reminiscence of his far away Dutch ancestry. The stoop was the committee-room, and the committee consisted of John, his wife and their sister Anna.

It was early June, and nine o'clock of a bright moonlight night, and they were discussing whether or not Susy should go to the seashore for two months. Anna had brought the question with her from her school in town. "As I told you," she now said, "Superintendent Felton had invited the Governor to visit the school that day, and, of course, we were all in a flutter. That is, inside. Outside, the school was in beautiful order. Miss Forsyth, my assistant, knows Governor Fairfax very well. She was a friend of his wife's before she died, several years ago. In fact, she is to go to Spruce Beach this summer with his little girl, to mother, you know. She would give Sue the best of care."

"If I could see her," began Mrs. Van Vechten, doubtfully.

"I can arrange that. I know Miss Forsyth would bring Alice Fairfax here."

"But how did he know you were any relation to Susy?"

"That came about very naturally. Miss Forsyth introduced me as Miss Van Vechten, and Mr. Fairfax remarked that he met a little girl named Van Vechten under rather peculiar circumstances last summer. He told me a little of the story, and I knew the heroine must be our Susy, for I had heard something of the same sort before. And in a few days Miss Forsyth told me about this plan. I do hope you will let Sue go!"

"But we don't know Governor Fairfax, Anna."

"Neither do I—much." Aunt Anna's face blushed and changed in the moonlight, and an inward protest went with her words. "But I do know Miss Forsyth, and Susy couldn't possibly be in better hands for two months."

"And make next summer without any seashore harder than this summer with it!"

"No, indeed, it will not!" The bright-eyed little woman spoke positively. "Our little girl is not made of that kind of stuff. Widen a life once, and it stays wider, and so can take in more, wherever it is."

Mrs. Van Vechten's face looked puzzled, but not ill-pleased.

"She hasn't anything to wear, Anna."

"I never expected to live long enough to hear you say that! It does my commonplace soul good! But, seriously, I'll take care of that, if you will let me. In fact, it is already taken care of. Tell me I may tell her to-morrow, Mary."

"I suppose you may," answered the mother, doubtfully, as her sister lighted a night-lamp.

"We shall have our summer in a lighthouse yet, mother, said John, cheerily, after Anna had gone upstairs. That is, if I can find a lighthouse to let."

Mr. Van Vechten was not a typical American farmer. His nose was not unfamiliar with the smell of new books. He really liked the outside of the kitchen best for his wife, and the outside of the house better still. To that end she was never without a deputy in what he called "the infernal regions," if it were in his power to obtain one; but the capital was not quite in proportion to the number of acres, so the coast of Maine, which their Western souls longed for, was, as yet, an impossible luxury.

Aunt Anna sat on the stoop next morning, with a piece of dainty work, when a little girl on horseback, wearing a rather short long-skirt of dark blue, dashed up to the gate, and round to the barn, from which she presently came with a parcel.

"You've never told me the story of how you came by your pony, Sue."

"Haven't I? But you know?"

"Yes, in a sort of way, but not very well. Tell me all about it after you take off your habit."

"All right!" called the little girl, already disappearing within the doorway. "If mother doesn't want me I will."

"To begin with, Aunt Anna, I just hate blue ginghams! Sometimes I feel like a whole charity school. If mother would only let me have calico, then this summer's dresses wouldn't be just exactly like last summer's. Well, it was last Fourth of July; 'Forch o' Duly,' Danny calls it.

"I went over to Kate Stevens's in the morning, and she had the beautifulest white dress on! It was just full of trimming, ruffles and tucks and embroidery, and she had a Roman sash, and bangs. It was mean, wasn't it? She waited till the night before, after school, so the girls wouldn't know, and then had her hair banged so she'd look her best.

"Don't you think a dress is prettier the more trimming there is on it? Well, I do, and Kate's was lovely! You see, I had on my everlasting blue gingham, but I hadn't thought a word about it. The leaves danced about so, and the sun shone so bright, and I had been so busy cracking my torpedoes, that I just hadn't time to think whether I looked well enough to go to the Fourth.

"You ought to have seen these steps! I wished I hadn't cracked so many when mother made me sweep them up, and Danny kept throwing on the clean spots just as fast as I swept.

"Mamma had put up the lunch. We had ham sandwiches. I helped chop the ham, because the knife was sharp; if it had been dull, I wouldn't have wanted to. And jelly cake, and hard boiled eggs, and cold coffee in a jug, with the cream and sugar all in. Mother lets me have that Christmas and Thanksgiving and Fourth of July and such days. And ginger-snaps.

"That morning we had watched the man go past with the cans of water and the ice for the lemonade, and another man with his load all done up in blankets. That was the ice cream, you know. They do me up in blankets in winter to keep me warm, and the ice cream in summer to keep it cool. I don't see why, do you?"

"I had twenty-five cents to spend, too, that I earned myself raking the yard. Danny can't, he's so little. Well, I couldn't keep still till it was time to start, so I asked mother if I couldn't go down to Kate Stevens's, and they could take me in when they went by. Kate Stevens's houses is that big one you can see down the road.

"When I got there, Kate said: 'Why, Susy Van Vechten, are you going to the Fourth in your blue gingham? I've got a new dress.'

"That spoiled my good time all in a minute, and my throat got a big lump in it. Queer, isn't it? Does your throat choke up when you want to cry, Aunt Anna? I don't see where the choke comes from. But I didn't want her to know I felt badly, so I answered right off:

"'I'm not going to the Fourth at all, and that is why I've got on my blue gingham.'

"And it was true, for I wasn't. I had just made up my mind. Mother said afterward that it was not quite true, for I had it wrong end foremost. I couldn't go with that choke in my throat. Well, I stayed around till our folks came, and then went out quick and told mother that I did not want to go to the picnic, and if she'd please give me the key, I'd go back home.

"Mother looked astonished for a minute, but Kate Stevens came running out, and called her to see her new dress, and then I think she knew, for she did not look suprised any more, but only sorry. She gave me the key, and told me that there was some of all there was in the basket left at home, and that I could have it for my dinner.

"Then she whispered to me that she had a book for my birthday, and that it was under the sheets in the lower bureau drawer. I did not care one speck for the book. I was thinking so much about Kate's new dress; but I went and found it the first minute I got home, and then I forgot all about everything. I tell you my mother knows so much!'

"It was all about those old Greeks and Romans. That's why I called my pony Pegasus. I named him first 'The Flying Horse of the Prairie,' but now I call him 'Peg' for short.

"I read on and on, and never thought of the picnic, but I was hungry by eleven o'clock. I always do get hungry quicker when there's something good to eat; don't you? Mother won't let me bring a book to the table, but I had a good time that day, for I just rocked and ate my sandwiches and read about Achilles.

"When I was a little girl I used to wonder whether I would rather marry a man who kept a candy store, or one who kept a book store. I couldn't make up my mind. Which would you? And I thought if I could only find one with a little confectioner's shop back of the books, I would be perfectly happy; but I'm not so silly now.

"Pretty soon I happened to look up, and I saw a blue smoke over the corner of Mr. Stevens's corn barn. And I thought of fire-crackers, and the city of Portland, where Prudy Parlin's house was burned up, and I knew Jim Stevens had his out there that morning.

"Then I ran! The woodshed was just blazing, and the kitchen had caught a little on one corner. And then I thought of Davy Stevens!"

"Who is that? You have not said anything about him before," asked Aunt Anna.

"Oh, it's their lame boy. He can't walk a step—not one step. At least he couldn't; he's getting better now. Just as quick as I opened the kitchen door, he called out that he was so glad I'd come, and what was that dreadful smoke? And there he was lying on his cot by the kitchen window, and just choking.

"He told me to run down the road and get some men, but I said I had to get him out first; and he thought I couldn't, and I did not know as I could, but I knew that kitchen would burn before I could go to the grove and get back again.

"I began to push the cot, but it was too shaky, and I thought of the wheelbarrow. I wheeled it in and put it right at the end of the bed. It was one of this kind like a cradle, sidewise, you know. I laid a pillow in it, and then just pulled him straight on. I suppose it almost killed him. He helped himself a little with his hands, though."

"I wonder how you dared try it, Sue," said Aunt Anna, quietly, but with a sparkle in her eye.

"Dare! I didn't dare. I was as afraid as I could be. But there wasn't anything else to do, auntie. It was a wide door, but I hurt his foot dreadfully getting him through, and he fainted. How he looked with his head hanging down on one side and his feet on the other! I just put him on the other side of the wind, so the smoke wouldn't choke him, and ran down the road as fast as I could go. Aunt Anna, I was never so hot in my life!

"When I got there, there was a man speaking and throwing his arms about. In a minute I saw Mr. Stevens on the end of a bench. So I told him as still as I could that his house was on fire. But he just shouted and rushed for his horses, and everybody followed him.

"Mrs. Stevens said something real quick about Davy, and ran too. The man that was speaking came down, and Aunt Anna, who do you think it was?

"The governor!

"I thought he would be dreadfully angry with me for making such a disturbance in his meeting, but he wasn't, and got in father's wagon and rode with us down to Mr. Stevens's. When we got there, there was a whole line of men from the well to the house, and they were pumping water and handing pails from one to another just as fast as they could. But there wasn't much left of the kitchen."

"Where was Davy?" asked Aunt Anna.

"Oh, dear me! He was on a bed they had brought out, and the doctor was pulling him around and talking about 'the shock to the system.' He was not faint any more and he smiled a little weak kind of smile, and said I'd given him a ride for the Fourth of July.

"By-and-by the fire was out, and Mr. Stevens came and shook hands with me, and the Governor stood up in a wagon and said he would make them a little supplementry speech. What is 'supplementary,' Aunt Anna? I've just remembered that word. And he said maybe they didn't all know why the whole house wasn't burned down, and Davy in it. And then he told them."

"Told them what?"

"Why—about—what I did, you know. I was so ashamed! And then Mr. Stevens lifted me into the wagon, and the crowd cheered."

"What did you think about, Susy?"

"Well, Aunt Anna, I was a little afraid that my face was dirty, running so fast in all that dust; and I was—it's silly, I know, but I was—I mean I didn't exactly like to stand up there with that blue gingham on. And father asked him home to supper. Just think! the Governor and he talked with mamma ever so long. That's all, auntie."

"Well, my dear, your story is rather like the old saying about 'the play of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet omitted, by special request.'"

"Why?" asked Susy, wonderingly.

"I haven't heard anything about the pony."

"So you haven't. About two weeks after Mr. Stevens came over one morning with him. He had a beautiful side-saddle on and Mr. Stevens said he was Davy's present to me. He didn't bring him over right away, he explained, because he wanted to have him broken 'to the feel of skirts.' Don't you think that's a funny way to say it? Father didn't want me to keep him at first, but I did beg so hard, and now he is my lovely, lovely Peg!"

"And how is Davy?"

"That's the strangest part of it! He's really getting better. He has even walked two or three steps lately."

"I have a letter for you, Susy," said Aunt Anna, taking it out of her pocket. It was a large, square, white envelope which Susy opened in a flutter and read breathlessly.

"Who is Charley W. Fairfax?" and before Aunt Anna could answer, "'My obedient servant,' how queer! What does that mean? Oh, will mother let me go?"

"Mr. Fairfax is your Governor, Susy, and I suppose from his letter he is rather an old-fashioned gentlemen—but that means the most perfect of all gentlemen," replied Aunt Anna, with a bright look.

"But will mother"—

"Yes, mother will, Dame Durden, or I should never have told you. And I've brought you some dresses and things. Come up to my room."

"You are better than a fairy godmother, Aunt Anna!" exclaimed Susy, as she sprang up the stairs, three steps at a time.

Nothing had ever seemed so full of interest to her before as the outside of Aunt Anna's sole-leather trunk.

"O Aunt Anna! If I'm to go, how I would like a trunk like yours!"

"You may take this one if you like. And here's your bag."

It was real alligator-skin, but Susy did not know that. She did not say a word, but sank down on the floor with a long sigh of content.

"Don't you want to see your dresses?"

"Dresses! Oh! I haven't got as far as dresses, Aunt Anna."

But Miss Van Vechten proceeded to take out and unfold—a grayish-blue seersucker trimmed with embroidery of its own shade, a soft, leaf-brown wool, of dainty fineness, checked off with just one line of the same fady blue, and with silken lights laid into all the shadows; and lastly, a white lawn, sheer and beautiful, with enough lace about it to soften all the edges.

"There, dear, which will you try on first?"

Aunt Anna began to answer her own question by taking up the brown. She went on talking.

"You see, Miss Forsyth had the buying of Alice Fairfax's dresses for the summer, and she got three for her very similar to these."

Wise Aunt Anna! She had been a little girl herself dressed on not too abundant means.

"Of course, we did not get things alike," Aunt Anna went on, "but they are of the same kind after all." If Sue had been drawn by wild horses she would not have asked what Alice Fairfax was going to wear that summer, but she wanted to know, and her aunt, like a loving little woman as she was, knew just how much she wanted to know.

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I do not know the seashore story. To tell the truth, I am acquainted with the sands, the sunshine, and the umbrellas, only through the hearsay of verse and novel. But I know that the Hon. Charles Fairfax brought Susy home himself. Miss Forsyth, he said, had an engagement to meet before the school-year opened.

Having come, he did not seem to be in a hurry about going away again. Two days he loitered about under the trees with Aunt Anna, while Susy's busy mother, glancing out in amused fashion, remarked to her husband that she began to suspect that there was a method in His Excellency's madness

One brilliant morning in the following June, a group of people under the trees at Mr. Van Vechten's crystallized around two who were standing before the minister. Susy and Alice Fairfax stood beside them. Susy's white dress, bridesmaid gear though it was, could, even now, hardly rival Kate Stevens's in the manner of tucks and ruffles. But her eyes had grown clearer with two whole years of open vision, and her mother's sense of the fitness of things had began to dawn in her own brain.

When the last words of the ceremony died on the air, the congratulations hung fire a little, till Davy Stevens, slowly and painfully rising, began to take the few steps that separated him from the newly made husband and wife.

Susy rushed forward to help him, and Gov. Fairfax, stooping a little as he warmly shook hands with the boy, remarked.: "But for this young man, Anna, I might never have known you."

"Oh, Uncle Charles!" Susy gasped and stumbled over the name, but got it out bravely: "if it hadn't been for mother's making me wear that blue gingham you wouldn't ever got acquainted, I am sure."

"I think, Sue," laughed Aunt Anna, "that it was because your mother didn't make you wear the blue gingham to the Fourth of July that it all happened."—*Frances Cole.*

### Disagreeable Fashions Squelched.

The persistence with which American women cling to the practice of wearing high hats in the theatres, says the New York *World*, is something remarkable. A year ago the comic papers were full of caricatures emphasizing the selfishness and ungraciousness of the habit, and other journals abounded in appeals for its discontinuance. A few comely unbonneted heads here and there resulted, but that was all. Since then the subject has been dropped, in the hope that the practice would die a natural death, but it still survives in all its obnoxiousness. It is one of the advantages of a despotic form of government that a disagreeable fashion of this kind can be dealt with under it. The elder Disraeli, who was an industrious collater of curious facts, relates that the Czar Paul, finding that the long and expansive trousers worn by men in his day interfered with the carriage of the sword, ordered his soldiers to cut off at the knees with their hangers the trousers of every male passer-by, and not to be particular about the scratches. Knee-breeches were universally in style in St. Petersburg in a week. Queen Elizabeth once did something of the same kind. The fashion in ruffs and rapiers became too exaggerated to suit her. According to John Stowe, she caused to be placed "selected grave citizens at every gate to cut the ruffes and breake the rapiers' points of all passengers that exceeded a yeard in length of their rapiers and a nayle of a yeard in depth of their ruffes." The desire to conceal deformities or to accentuate beauties, says Isaac Disraeli, was the origin of many fashions.

## A BIG LAUNDRY.

### CLEANING AND IDENTIFYING MANY GARMENTS.

#### The Rapidity With Which the Work is Done, and the Machinery Used for Washing, Starching and Ironing.

The bundles were wrapped in brown paper and each had a colored ticket pinned on, which told the owner's name and the number of pieces, writes a Boston *Herald* reporter who recently investigated the methods of the big steam laundry business. With great rapidity the young women took the bundles from baskets on rollers that were shoved around by a boy, opened them, counted the pieces and tallied them with the list. Next the name of the owner was looked for in a book, and, if it did not appear there, an arbitrary number was assigned and each piece was marked with indelible ink.

The sorted clothes, having been marked, are thrown into a chute, down which they go into the big baskets on rollers, located in the region below. Here over 100 women are hurrying through their various tasks at breakneck speed. Some work by the piece, some by the week. Picking one's way carefully through machinery that exhibited a yearning to take him in, the explorer finds himself in a dim corner, where half a dozen washing machines, that look like insane sugar hogsheads in a colic, revolve backward and forward upon an axis running through their heads. These are the rotary, reverse washers. These washers accommodate 135 shirts, weigh 1000 pounds, and occupy a floor space 6½x4 feet. They consist of an outside cylinder, or barrel, inside which is a smaller cylinder, perforated closely. Each cylinder is fitted with a hinged door. Into these washers a bald-headed gentlemen pitches an assortment of linen, of various degrees of dirtiness. Then he turns on the cold water cock, and after a few minute's soaking, while the washer revolves at 160 revolutions a minute, turns on the steam. Instantly there is a bubbling and the water rises to a very high temperature. Soap in fine particles is added and the cover of the inner barrel is closed.

The clothing is contained in the inner cylinder, the water being in the outer and bubbling in through the perforations. For fifteen minutes the boiling goes on, when a river of cold water is turned on, to be alternated with another boiling in steam and hot water. Again the hot water is drawn off, cold water turned on and "blueing" added. The process requires the use of a weak solution of chloride of lime and small proportions of oxalic and citric acid, but not sufficient, it is claimed, to injure the fabric. In these remarkable machines the entire process of washing is accomplished. A coal heaver's shirt, black as his hat, may go into the washer and after forty-five minutes it comes out "white as the driven snow." So high is the temperature maintained that it is impossible for germs of disease to survive the steam laundry process.

Next comes the drying. The clothing is forked out of the washer and carried in baskets on rollers to the extractors, or centrifugal wringers. The clothes are dumped into an iron and copper machine that looks like a great iron kettle standing on three legs, underneath which are a lot of cogs, pulleys and things, run by a belt attached to the shafting overhead. The centrifugal wringer is a coffee pot perforated with minute holes. It is open at the top, and revolves 1500 revolutions a minute upon a universal joint. It is set inside a heavy iron pot, which stands upon the three legs described. The clothing is placed, just as it comes from the washer, in this machine, and the wringer set in motion. In four minutes it is stopped, when the clothes are found clinging tightly to the sides of the wringer, almost dry. One thousand collars or twenty-five shirts can be dried in four minutes by these wonderful machines. The revolutions are so rapid that almost every particle of moisture is squeezed out by the air. The old style wringers mowed off buttons like a thrasher. In the extractor there is neither wear nor tear.

From the extractor the shirts, collars and cuffs go to the starching machine, and napkins and tablecloths, sheets and towels to the steam mangles. Starch is boiled by steam in a forty-gallon copper boiler and ladled into a starcher, which is a trough fitted with wooden cogs that revolve loosely, one upon another. Collars and cuffs are passed back and forth over these cogs in a bath of starch and then carried to the starching tables, where girls rub them thoroughly, so as to drive the paste into every thread, slap them, and finally rub off the starch smoothly with a large sponge. Collars and cuffs are hung upon hooks arranged on sticks four feet long, two dozen on a stick. The collars and cuffs are hung by a buttonhole. The starcher has large numbers on these sticks, stuck in holes in the woodwork, so that she has a tier on either hand. The shirts are taken to other tables, where the starch is rubbed thoroughly into the bosoms and neckbands, and they are hung upon long sticks run through the arms, six shirts on a stick. The shirts still hanging on a stick, are carried to the steam dryer, as are also the collars and cuffs. Here are innumerable racks, upon which the sticks are placed. It is an apartment with a temperature of 200 degrees, dry as a bone, in which the starched clothes become as stiff as an aristocrat, within twenty minutes. The unstarched clothing is dried naturally.

The next process is damping. This is done by placing the starched articles between sheets that are equally dampened, and rolling them up. The clothes then go up stairs in an elevator to the ironing rooms. Here are steam mangles, huge concerns that will iron a sheet or hotel table cloth at one revolution, and shirt bosom, collar and cuff ironers. They pass through three hands. They first go to the bosom ironer, who presides over a machine with a heavy roller, heated by gas. The shirt is placed upon a bosom board and run under a roller. It comes out glistening like glass, and is passed to the band and wristband ironer, who has a machine consisting of a board upon which a polishing iron is held by an arm that is drawn down by a spring. Thus an even pressure of fifty pounds is maintained. From these machines the shirts go to the women ironers, who iron the bodies in the good old-fashioned manner with skirt board and sad-iron. No machine has ever been invented to satisfactorily compete with the sad-iron for ironing skirts and shirt bodies. About fifty women are constantly employed at this work. Collars and cuffs are ironed upon an oval bed, over which runs a roller that is heated by gas. The collar is laid on the bed, which is covered with Canton flannel, and ironed, turned and rolled again and it is finished. Turned down collars are run through a grooving machine, that creases them just where they are to turn, and moistens the crease with water and glycerine. This prevents cracking. Large pieces, towels, sheets and the like, are ironed in the steam mangle, which is a mammoth copy of the smaller machines. The sheets are passed through the rollers and come out smooth and flat. A finish like new is put upon damask table covers and napkins.

After the ironing process, the articles are taken back to the receiving room, where every piece is sorted. Each number has a box corresponding to it, and here the tickets are already arranged. Each ticket that came with "the wash" is held over its box with a spring. The sorter takes a handful of collars and passes up and down, distributing the articles. When the wash is all distributed, girls take the articles from the boxes, count and compare them with the tickets and wrap them in neat bundles, fixing the bundles. The bundles go into the front office and are placed in boxes alphabetically. Each box represents an agent. This concern has 100 agencies.

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

A lover's lie is worse than a stab.

A short blow makes a long bruise.

Even reproofs can be kindly given.

Leave it to luck when you don't care.

The greatest good is done most quietly.

He has much to do who would please everybody.

He who does not look before he leaps lags behind.

Don't expect too much from those around you.

It is nothing to begin; perseverance is everything.

Listen to both sides of a question before you decide.

You will not be loved if you care for none but yourself.

A man can see his way into a fight better than he can see his way out.

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

Life's a reckoning we cannot make twice over. You cannot mend a wrong substraction by doing your addition right.

Knowledge is made by oblivion, and to purchase a clear and warrantable body of truth, we must forget and part with much we know.

Too many believe that "the world owes everybody a living," and that no personal effort is required to make the collection.

The wise man is but a learner in fact, spelling letters from a hieroglyphical, prophetic book, the lexicon of which lies in eternity.

The way to cure prejudice is this—that every man should let alone those things that he complains of in others and examine his own.

It requires a sterner virtue than good nature to hold fast the truth that it is nobler to be shabby and honest than to do things handsomely in debt.

Thought and sympathy are often more valuable than anything money can procure. Both need continued circulation to keep them wholesome and strong.

To insure long life recreation should be a part of our daily life. It makes the busy man thoughtful and keeps the thoughtful man busy. It insures health, success and the accomplishment of more work in less time and better.

### Where the Senators Go to Church.

There are a number of religious men in the Senate, says a Washington letter to the Philadelphia *Times*. Mr. Blair is an active member of the Congregational Church. Mr. Brown and Mr. Colquitt are Methodists, and the latter often occupies the pulpit, both when he is at home and in Georgia and while he is in Washington, although he has never been ordained as a preacher. Mr. Chace is a Quaker, and attends regularly the little chapel of the Society of Friends on I street. Mr. Cameron has a pew in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, and attends service there regularly. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, Mr. Chandler, of New Hampshire, and Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, are active members of the Unitarian Church, and can always be found in their pews on Sunday. Mr. Cullom and his colleague, Mr. Farwell, are Presbyterians and have sittings in the new Church of the Covenant, on Connecticut avenue. Mr. Hale, of Maine, and Mr. Wilson, of Maryland, attend the same church and have pews. Mr. Frye, Mr. Platt, of Connecticut, and Mr. Vance, of North Carolina, attend the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, and, although the latter is not a teetotaler, he is an active member of the Congressional Temperance Society and frequently makes addresses on that subject. Mr. Dawes is a Congregationalist. Mr. Edmunds is very strict in his religious observances and attends the Epiphany Church, where Senator Sherman has a pew also. Mr. Evarts, Mr. Gibson and his colleague, Mr. Eustis, and Mr. McPherson have pews at St. John's Church, the most fashionable house of worship in Washington, and Mr. Butler of South Carolina is often seen there. Mr. Daniel of Virginia, Mr. Morgan of Alabama, Mr. Paddock of Nebraska, Mr. Reagan of Texas, Mr. Stanford of California, Mr. Teller of Colorado, and Mr. Wilson of Iowa, are Methodists. Mr. Stanford and his wife are both members of the Metropolitan Church, and are not only liberal givers, but are very regular in their devotional duties. The new Postmaster-General, Mr. Dickinson, has taken a pew at St. John's Church, where Mr. Whitney and his wife are regular attendants. Mr. Bayard is a member of the Church of the Epiphany. Mr. Fairchild is a Presbyterian, and Secretary Endicott a Unitarian. Chief-Justice Waite is Senior Warden of Epiphany Church, where Justice Blatchford also attends. Justice Miller and Justice Gray are Unitarians. Justice Bradley, Justice Harlan and Justice Matthews, are all Elders in Presbyterian churches in this city.

### Wealthier than Rothschild.

The millionaires of Prussia are fewer and smaller than those of America. Krupp, the cannonmaker of Essen, is the richest. He is assessed on an income of $1,320,000 a year, and pays $39,150 income tax. Four years ago he only paid $15,750, showing that his yearly revenue must have increased very rapidly. The second rich man is Rothschild, the Banker, at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Four years ago he paid more than Krupp, $18,900. But this year Krupp has left him far behind with only $29,700 income tax. The third richest man is banker Bleichroeder, paying $18,450 income tax. Then follow five little millionaires, with $7700 to $9900 income tax and income of $250,000 to $320,000 a year. Then come twenty-seven men with only $120,000 to $250,000 yearly income and $3500 to $7000 income tax. Less than half of these richest people live at the city of Berlin. —*Chicago Herald.*

## ARCTIC WHALING.

### A CONSUL'S ACCOUNT OF AN EXCITING PURSUIT.

#### The Arctic Flotilla Cruising for Monsters of the Deep—The Deadly Harpoon Gun —Cod Fishing.

Consul-General R. B. Anderson, who represents our Republic in Denmark, went out of his way to study Scandinavian people and conditions of life, and in his report to the State Department, tells at length of his interesting tour. In the extreme north of Norway, he says, is found an extensive Arctic flotilla, ships which prosecute their search for whales, seals and fish even to the coasts of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. Neat, compact, powerful vessels they are, sometimes of iron, with steam power, made for short cruises after whales in the waters of the vicinty. Some of them are of wood, rigged as sailers, with steam auxiliary and a screw propeller set in a frame so that it may be hoisted out of the water when not in use, or lowered into position with little or no trouble upon the failure of the wind at an important point or at the beginning of a chase for a whale. The length of the voyages made by these, together with the small room which can be afforded for the storage of coal, all possible space being required for the blubber wells or vats, make the use of steam impracticable, save on occassions of great importance.

One feature of many of the whaling vessels, and one which attracts the greatest interest, is the harpoon gun, an implement invented some years ago by Mr. Sven Foyn, a retired captain, whose name is known in whaling circles the world over. It was this invention which first made possible the capture of the larger and more powerful species of whale, an animal formerly shunned by all the boats which did not care to be sent to the bottom at once. The gun or cannon when used is fixed to the vessel itself, such vessels as carry it having neither bowsprit nor jib-stay. A clear, roomy platform extends well out over the bow in order to give the gunner full swing to all sides. Above the centre of this the gun is fixed on a ball and socket or universal swivel, which allows it free and easy play, while being furnished with a pistol grip, the gunner has full and rapid command of it. In front of the platform a shelf of iron, having a somewhat downward slant, is hinged for the support of the strong line coiled in such a manner as to permit it to pay out with the least resistance or chance of entanglement. In stormy weather this coil is taken inboard and the iron shelf turned up in front of the gun as a sort of protection. The harpoon used is entirely of iron, the shaft being spread and flattened at the inner end to fit the bore of the gun. About two-thirds of the way down the shaft is a grommet, to which the line is attached, playing lengthwise in a slot and bound before firing, at its lower end, together with the hinged barbs, which are folded back along the shaft in resistance to the springs, which tend to keep them expanded. In the outer end of the harpoon a bored cavity is filled with a piece of rubber tubing enclosing a small glass test tube filled with an acid explosive, while to the end is screwed a sharp conical metal shell containing the explosive charge which causes death to the whale. The charge used in discharging the harpoon is common gunpowder, put up in bags the size of a base ball, this being fired by various devices in the shape of hammers and caps or quills filled with fulminating powder and touched off by the jerk of a string. The one great drawback of this apparatus is the length of time required to prepare it for action, nothing less than half an hour sufficing to get it into trim between one shot and another, so that in case of a miss much valuable time and often a good shot or two are lost, circumstances which too often mean one, two or three days' more cruising without sight of another whale. The range of the gun, owing to the small charge, the heavy projectile and the resistance offered by the line, is not great—say what is ordinarily known as a pistol shot.

While cruising the gunner remains aloft in the "crow's nest" or barrel fastened to the maintop-mast as a look-out. Immediately upon the cry, "There she blows," or "A school in sight," he descends, takes his position at the gun, the steamer is headed round and the chase begins, during which the gunner remains at his post for hours, only snatching what food he can, brought by the steward. At night steam is let down and the vessel drifts with the waves, but as long as daylight lasts the gunner stands alert at his post. On the approach of the steamer the whale, now sounding, now blowing, comes sporting about its bows, but once within range the gunner jerks his weapon round quickly and fires, and in an instant the strong harpoon is fast in the animal's back or side—that is, always providing the apparatus does not snap or miss fire, or the harpoon does not fall short or long. Immediately the leviathan "sounds," and the line rattles from the coil at a terrible rate until having gone far enough down the whale again rises to the surface, where he may get to the end of his rope, or the line may have been slackened from the ship. In either case the first strain on the line breaks the frail bindings which hold the grommet and the ends of the barbs, and these latter, forced apart by their springs, meet at their lower ends, which project slightly beyond their pivots, in such a manner as to pinch and crush the glass tube in the end cavity, thus forcing the acid into contact with the rubber and exploding the charge contained in the conical shell or cap at the end. Should this explosive not prove fatal to the animal, the whale may tow the vessel at a fearful speed for miles into the sea, but sometimes a boat is sent out to lance him, and in course of time he is himself towing alongside the steamer, tail foremost, minus his fins, on the way to one of the numerous oil refineries and guano factories along the coast.

The cod fishing in this extreme Northern latitude is of even more importance than the pursuit of whales. The catch amounted to 31,000,000 fish in 1887, which sold for about $3.17 per hundred. The earnings of these men for three months' hard work, always exposed to great danger, would, to an American, be insignificant, $50 being the average gain of a good man in a fair season. In these transitory colonies, where thousands of men congregate, crime and disorder are exceedingly rare, a fact which is credited to the scarcity of brandy and intoxicating drinks, it being almost impossible for the fishermen to secure strong drinks.

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Professor Medelejef, of Berlin has advanced the theory that petroleum is of mineral origin, and that its production is going on and may continue almost indefinitely. He has succeeded in making it artificially by a similar process to that which he believes is going on in the earth.

### CURIOUS FACTS.

The Seven Years' War in America continued from 1755 to 1762.

The "original bearded woman" has just died in the Pyrenees.

A baptismal garment known to be 133 years old is in use at Pekin, Ill.

The Athenæum at Rome was erected by the Emperor Adrian, A. D. 125.

Amadeo Von der Hoya, aged 13, of Atlanta, Ga., is a phenomenal violinist.

An Ottawa (Kansas) blacksmith has a bellows that has been in the family eighty years.

A swinging sign in front of a Chicago store bears the legend: "The Truth Spoken Here."

A Brooklyn dentist has successfully filled a tooth of his favorite setter. The dog bore the operation nobly.

It is said to be the custom in Spain for the girls to kiss every young man they meet on the 29th of February.

Slavery existed in Mexico from the time of the Conquest, 1521, until shortly after the independence of the country in 1821.

The first slave labor within the present limits of the United States was that employed at the founding of St. Augustine in 1565.

The first Chinese tramp ever seen in this country turned up at a Baltimore police station the other evening and demanded a night's lodging.

A. W. Gray's Sons, of Middletown Springs, Vt., recently shipped to Africa a rice threshing machine, to be run by man instead of horse power.

If a few drops of aquafortis had not dropped upon the spectacles of a Nuremburg glass cutter, etching on glass might still have remained unknown.

If a watchmaker's apprentice had not held up some spectacle glass between his thumb and forefinger, telescope lenses might never have been known.

A man was recently sentenced in Liverpool, Eng., to five years' penal servitude for obtaining a shilling under the pretence that it was for a charitable object.

Chalcedony is not a gem. It is a species of quartz, very hard. Good specimens derive their value from their markings and from the work put on them by artists.

Spain signifies a country of rabbits or conies. This country was once so infested with these animals that the inhabitants petitioned Augustus for an army to destroy them.

Probably the oldest violin in the United States is owned by Rev. W. M. Beauchamp, of Baldwinsville, N. Y. It was found in the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, which was destroyed in 1538.

The first normal school for the instruction of teachers was established at Paris, by a law, October 30, 1794, and opened January 20, 1795, and this design has been followed in other countries, especially in the United States.

A St. Louis man says that March is the lucky month for the birth of great statesmen, and instances, in support of his statement, the fact that many of the Presidents of the United States and Sovereigns of Europe were born in that month.

Captain Baldry, of the steam whaler Orea, has returned to San Francisco from a voyage in which he killed thirty-five whales, the largest catch on record. Twenty-eight of those—all the ship could carry—were stowed and yielded 2800 barrels of oil and 4800 pounds of bone. The catch was valued at $66,800.

A rattlesnake was discovered carrying off a half-grown turkey near Waukeenah, Fla., and two dogs were set upon it. It struck both animals, and both died, but the turkey was released unharmed, which is proof that snakes do not poison their own food. The snake killed was six feet seven inches long and had fifteen rattles.

The average Russian is said to drink from ten to twelve glasses of tea a day. Every Russian merchant has a tea-urn in his counting-room, and the lawyer or mechanic goes out to his cafe for tea as often as the German for beer or the Frenchman for wine. At the cafes at all hours of the day and night one can see crowds of people sipping tea.

Mrs. Phillips, a handsome widow of thirty, who runs a farm in Cypress Township, Barnwell County, Ga., last year, unaided, made thirty-eight bales of cotton, besides raising corn, peas and potatoes. She plowed with an ox and did all the work of preparing, planting, cultivating and gathering. She has bought a mule for the farm work this year.

### Western Farm Mortgages.

The Chicago *Farmers' Review* publishes a summary of reports from its correspondents on the subject of farm mortgages. Summarized by States the following figures are given.

Ohio—Forty-five counties report an average of twenty-three per cent. of farms under mortgages; sixteen counties report farm mortgages on the increase and twenty-four counties that are decreasing.

Indiana—Thirty-seven counties report twenty-six per cent. of farms mortgaged; eighteen counties report mortgages increasing and fourteen decreasing.

Illinois—Seventy-five counties report twenty-seven per cent. of farms mortgaged; thirty-seven counties on the increase and thirty-three on the decrease.

Iowa—Sixty-nine counties report an average of forty-four per cent. of farms mortgaged; fourteen counties report mortgages on the increase and ten on the decrease.

Nebraska—Thirty counties an average of fifty-one per cent. of farms mortgaged; twelve report farm mortgages on the increase and seventeen on the decrease.

Wisconsin—Twenty-five counties report thirty-two per cent. mortgaged; eight report mortgages increasing and seventeen decreasing.

Michigan—Twenty-six counties report an average of fifty per cent. of farms mortgaged; eleven report mortgages on the increase and nine on the decrease.

Kentucky—Eighteen counties report an average of twenty three per cent. of farms mortgaged; eight report farm mortgages on the increase and ten on the decrease.

Dakota—Twenty-seven counties report fifty-nine per cent. of farms mortgaged; fifteen report them on the increase and twelve on the decrease.

### The Fate of a Tombstone.

Nothing goes on in an uninterruped career in this world, however, and even gravestones come now and then to strange uses. In a village in Maine, for instance, a farmer having waxed in fortune until he was able to replace the slate gravestone in his family burial lot by marble ones, was too thrifty to throw the old slabs away. He therefore utilized them as door stones, so that all visitors to the kitchen and dairy trod upon inscriptions gradually fading away, which, with scriptural phrase and the cheerful overseeing of triangular visaged cherubs, recorded the names, the virtues, and the untimely taking off of the forefathers of the thrifty farmer.—*Boston Globe.*